

Pictures of Matchstick Men (London Mix)

Status Quo

When I look up to the skies
I see your eyes a funny kind of yellow
I rush home to bed I soak my head
I see your face underneath my pillow
I wake next morning, tired, still yawning
See your face come peeping through my window Pictures of matchstick men and you
Mirages of matchstick men and you
All I ever see is them and you Windows echo your reflection
When I look in their direction now
When will this haunting stop?
Your face, it just won't leave me alone Pictures of matchstick men and you
Mirages of matchstick men and you
All I ever see is them and you You're in the sky and with the sky
You make men cry, you lie
You're in the sky and with the sky
You make men cry, you lie Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men
Pictures of matchstick men

Songwriters

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